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Cabman Spare that Whip!

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CABMAN SPARE THAT WHIP!

TUNE.—Woodman. spare that Tree

Cabman. spare that whip,
Dont touch me on the **raw**;
The harness galls my **hip**,
Dont quite break my **jaw**.
In vain you urge my speed,
In vain you soundly flog,
You **know's** I'm broken **kneed**,
And cannot faster jog.

That old familiar lash
From **Whippey's** of renown,
But once a mighty dash.
Is now, thank God, done brown.
Then Cabman spare that **stroke**,
Dont eudgel so I pray,
That double **Knot's** no joke.
Would I could bolt away

I could a **tale** unfold
Before my tail were **dock'd**,
And if that **tale** were told,
Thy feelings would be shock'd.
Then Cabman spare that whip,
My **sex** cries Cabman spare,
The harness galls my **hip**.
Have pity on your mare.

Nay, Cabman, do not laugh,
Nor treat my cries with scorn.
You blow's me out with **chaff**,
And daily sells my corn.
In the other world d'ye see.
Of which there's little **doubt**,
Should I a Cabman **be**,
Oh! wont I serve you out.